

6

A N
EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

Thomas Earl of Hadington,

On the DEATH of

Joseph Addison, Esq;

By JAMES ARBUCKLE, A. M.

In the University of Glasgow.

*Vitis ut Arboribus Decori est, ut Vitibus Uvæ,
Ut Gregibus Tauri, segetes ut pinguibus Azois;
Tu Decus omne tuis : postquam te Fata tulerunt,
Ipsa Pales Agros, atque ipse reliquit Apollo. Virg.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. McEVEN in *Edinburgh*, and for T.
Cox at the *Amsterdam Coffee-House* near the Royal-
Exchange, London. 1719.

(Price Four-pence.)

EPITAPH

To the Right Honourable

Thomas Earl of Harrington

On the Death of

Joseph Addison, Esq;

By James Arbuckle, A.M.

In the University of Oxford

Printed at the University Press, in the City of Oxford, by J. Stanger, Printer to the University, in the Year 1704.



LONDON:
Printed by M. Evans, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near St. Dunstons Church, in the Year 1704.



A N
E P I S T L E
T O T H E
Earl of *Hadington*, &c.



O you, my Lord, whose Goodness could
excuse

The first weak Sallies of a trembling Muse,
A feeble Youth's imperfect Labours praise,
Obscure the Youth, and uninspir'd his Lays;
This Second-Birth presents it self, to share
The Part you in a publick Sorrow bear.
Mean is the Verse; and were the Subject such,
In naming you, would arrogate too much.
But here no Verse has Pow'r to hurt your Fame,
Secur'd by *Addison's* immortal Name.

Nor *Addison's* immortal Name disdains,
When join'd with yours, the Tribute of my Strains.

INDULGING human Weakness, Heav'n allows
The soft Relief of Tears to common Woes.
Our Souls are made too delicate, to view
The Throws of Grief, and not partake them too,
Such Sympathy our Hearts with Nature keep,
At once they melt, when Nature bids us weep.
Then who the wildest Flights of Grief can blame,
When Godlike *Addison's* the mournful Theme?
For whom no single Muse laments, but all;
And future Arts, abortive in his Fall.

BUT Reason chides ; too feebly Tears express
The solemn Dignity of great Distress.
Complaints an Impotence in Sorrow show,
That ill becomes the Majesty of Woe.
Celestial Poets call for other Strains
Than dying *Shepherds* on *Arcadian* Plains.
Oh ! may some Youth of greater Force and Skill,
Fir'd with my Words, a sacred Impulse feel,

To

To trace his matchless Charms, and shew Mankind
 The hidden Wonders of his godlike Mind;
 While humble I this slender Trophy raise,
 Not seeking to bestow, but borrow Praise.

N O r e'ery Age the Prodigy appears,
 The Toil of Nature for a Thousand Years,
 A perfect Genius, sole Possessor born
 Of all those Gifts that separate adorn,
 Whose Soul capacious, not confin'd to Parts,
 Grasps the whole Circle of the heav'nly Arts.
 The warmer Soils of *Italy* and *Greece*,
 Not more renown'd for Arts of War, than Peace;
 An universal Empire found less hard
 A Work to raise, than one consummate Bard.
 Oft Nature baffled, found her Labour new;
 And Ages lost, produc'd at last but Two.
Britannia boasts a greater Wonder done,
 Tho' Ten Degrees remoter, from the Sun;
 An *Addison* reviving *Milton's* Rage
 Within the Compass of a single Age.

O HADINGTON, what Mortal can explore
 The Shining Paths he trod, and not adore?
 All Nature's Beauties from his Pencil fall;
 Each Grace he touches, and enlivens all.
 If flow'ry Fields, and Sylvan Scenes invite,
 The warm Description ripens into Sight.
 Ravish'd, we wander thro' fantastick Shades,
 And softly tread along enamel'd Meads,
 Where balmy Dews, and blowing Flow'rs exhale
 The Food of Angels, an Ambrosial Gale.
 The Verdant Plains in deeper Colours seen,
 Exchange their own for Everlasting Green.
 No more we think it is the Poet sings,
 But lost in Thought, mistake his Words for Things;
 Distinguish'd scarce from what they represent,
 So strong the Figures, and so soft the Paint.
 If in clear Fountains Silver Sun-Beams play,
 The sparkling Image strikes not less than they.
 If starting Springs thro' Rocks their Channels pierce,
 The Chrystal Brooks run gurgling thro' the Verse.
 Whatever Charms emballish Nature's Frame,
 The skilful Muse still counterfeits the same.

All

All shapes she varies, and all Dresses wears;
And beautiful in e'ery Dress appears.

BUT now grown conscious of superior Flame,
The daring Genius flies at nobler Game.
His Country's Triumphs set his Soul on Fire;
And *Britain's* Glories *British* Rage inspire.
In silence had the Godlike Bard remain'd,
Not all her Honours had *Britannia* gain'd.
Th' Immortal Song has finish'd her Renown,
And fix'd her Right to either Laurel Crown,
Not more the Hero than the Bard we praise,
Could out of One Campaign an Iliad raise.

OH! With what Grandeur, when the Troops engage,
The War he kindles, and foment's its Rage!
From Rank to Rank the Martial Fury flies,
'Till all the Horrors of the Battle rise.
Dreadfully gay, the panting Legions throng;
And *Britain's* Thunder rattles in the Song!

OUR mighty Leader here conspicuous stands,
The glorious Instrument of Heav'n's Commands,
To

To save an Empire, crush th' invading Foe,
 And lay the groaning World's Oppressor low.
 Calm and sedate, into the Field he draws
 The brave Defenders of the common Cause,
 Eager to fight, and execute the Wrath
 Of injur'd States for violated Faith.
 The great Resentment of his Native Land
 Heaves e'ery Breast, and fortifies each Hand.
 Furious they rush, and e're the Close of Day
 The Tyranny of Half an Age repay.
 In mangled Heaps the false *Bavarians* fall;
 And *Ister* closes on the sinking Gaul,

BUT, whither would the roving Muse aspire,
 Unwisely bold with such unequal Fire?
 Too mighty were the Labour, and too long,
 To mark each Wonder in the charming song.
 In our Disgrace the fruitless Toil must end;
 We might transcribe indeed, but not commend.
 A living Beauty animates the whole,
 And sheds at once its Lustre in the Soul.

So well the Numbers represent the Scene,
 In reading scarce our Ardor we restrain,
 The glowing Strains rekindle in each Breast
 Those Passions then the conq'ring Troops possess;
 Their Hopes, their Scorn, and dire Revenge the same;
 And all, except the Danger, and the Fame.

THEY Fields, O *Blenheim*! to succeeding Times
 Shall still survive in Everlasting Rhimes.
 Her mighty *Cæsar* let *Pharsalia* boast;
 Nor envy thou the *Roman* Freedom lost.
 A fairer Fame has Heav'n bestow'd on thee;
 Here *Marlbro'* fought to set the Nations free.
 And shall that Fame decay, a *Marlbro'* won,
 Or perish ought that's sung by *Addison*?

YE *British* youth, while in your tender Days,
 Your Bosoms pant with sacred Love of Praise;
 While 'tis your early Task to form your Hearts
 By Rules of Virtue, and the gentle Arts;
 Our Godlike Bard shall in your Souls inspire
 Your Native Rage, and all your Father's Fire.

He bids you harden in the generous Cause
 Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty and Laws,
 And touches all the secret Springs that move
 The Warrior's Courage, or the Patriot's Love.
 Oh ! listen to his Strains, and list'ning, shew
 Your op'ning Souls the great Impression know ;
 That Nothing can the Virtuous Pride withstand
 You take in toiling for your Native Land.
 Untarnish'd still the *British* Fame sustain ;
 Nor prove degenerate in G E O R G E 's Reign ;
 But by *Britannia's* Goddess, Freedom, led,
 Beneath whose Banners oft your Fathers bled,
 Deserve to be by future Poets sung,
 Ennobling both your Country, and its Tongue.
 See ! how the Monarch's Actions all invite
 In this Contest of Glory to unite ;
 Whether fair Plans of Government he draws,
 And sits in Senate giving Birth to Laws,
 That not for Yokes of servitude design'd,
 Assert the common Rights of Human kind,
 And only level'd at oppressive Ill,
 Enlarge our Reason, to confine the Will :

Or

Or takes his Royal Journies to compose
 The World's Disorders, and the publick Woes,
 Make smiling Peace expand her filken Wings,
 And charm the Discords of contending Kings:
 Or dreadful sends his Naval Vengeance forth,
 To crush the Tyrants of the *South*, and *North*,
 Restore lost Rights, make impious Conquest fail,
 And ballance *Empires* in an equal Scale.
 Oh ! think, how would it wound a *British* Ear,
 Should future Times th' ungateful Story hear,
 That you, impervious to the sacred Strain,
 Made *Addison's* Immortal Labours vain,
 Enforc'd by all the bright Examples shine
 Out with such Lustre in the *BRUNSWICK* Line ?

To smoothe the rugged Manners of Mankind,
 And give a virtuous Polish to the Mind ;
 To make the Soul its native Grandeur know,
 Look up to Heav'n, and Things disdain below ;
 To cure our Reason, and exalt the Sense
 Of Pleasure into conscious Innocence,

The Rules of Justice, Faith, and Honour give,
 And teach mistaken Mortals how to live.
 These were the Cause in early Ages strung
Appollo's Harp, and tun'd the Poet's Song.
 Harmonious Numbers join'd in Virtue's aid;
 And list'ning Crowds the heav'nly Call obey'd.
 The pious Muses Exercise and Care
 Was Nature's Laws to cherish and declare.
 Their sacred Fountain yet no Vice had foul'd,
 The Stream transparent, and the Bottom Gold,
 Where Truth new Lustre from the Song receiv'd,
 Like *Tagus'* Sands, by chrystal Torrents lav'd.
 Our *Addison* in e'ery Work pursues
 This glorious Track, and consecrates the Muse;
 The Paths of Gods, and godlike Men implores,
 And all the Majesty of Verse restores.
 He scorns the low, the vulgar Arts to please,
 And seeks Mankind's Instruction more than Praise;
 With what Success, *Britannia* lately knew,
 When *Cato's* awful Figure struck her View.
 When her deluded Sons, or rous'd from sleep,
 Were o'er their sinking Country taught to weep.

In blooming Beauty flood the Muse array'd ;
 And *Pallas'* Arms confess'd the heav'nly Maid.
 A dazzling Splendor in her Looks appear'd,
 At once transporting, and at once rever'd.
 So when an Angel downward glides in Air,
 Dispatch'd th' Almighty's Pleasure to declare ;
 He sails in Light ; and in his Garments glow
 The various Tinctures of the painted Bow ;
 His shining Form, and wondrous Flight combine
 To speak the flaming Messenger divine.

I N *Cato* we possess, expected long,
 A finish'd Piece, the Glory of our Tongue ;
 Where Judgment, Wit, and Elegance conspire,
 And *Roman* Greatness warm'd with *British* Fire.
 No wanton Flights the Thoughts untimely raise,
 Nor empty Fustian bubbles in the Phrase.
 The Poet writes as Ancient Heroes fought,
 Who honest Fame, not wide Dominion sought ;
 Restrains his Rage from all undue Excess,
 And mod'rates most his Genius in Success.

With

With flowing Robes of easy Eloquence
 He cloaths, but never overloads the Sense.
 The Sentiments, and Language all impart
 So much of Nature, we forget 'tis Art.
 Each Word, each Circumstance assists the Plan
 Of suff'ring Virtue in a great good Man.
 The Incidents Just, as in Nature, rise
 Preserving Decency amidst Surpize.
 No Gods descend, Absurdities to clear ;
 But in their Image all the Gods appear.
 Oh ! what a lovely Form, how fair a Dress
 Does Virtue wear, still charming in Distress !
 Who does not honour *Cato's* Sorrows more
 Than *Cæsar's* Purple, and imperial Pow'r ?
 Like *Jove*, he in his little Senate nods,
 And talks a Language worthy of the Gods.
 Amidst the Ruins of his House he knows
 No Grief but what from *Rome's* Misfortunes flows.
 Ev'n *Marcus*, Wounds inspire a secret Joy,
 That in so good a Cause he lost his Boy.
 The Patriot's Virtue checks the Father's Tears,
 And only mourns the Loss his Country bears.

How

How great appears he, when he recommends
 Bright Liberty's Remembrance to his Friends ;
 The Wise Man's Choice, the Food his Virtues crave,
 The Gift of Heav'n, and Struggle of the Brave ?
 How does the Spirit of his Words impart
 Its Flame, and kindle each Spectator's Heart ?
 In Crowds the *Britons* gather'd round the Scene,
 And stood transported with his Godlike Mien:
 Factions, that join'd in nothing else, conspire
 To love the Patriot, and his worth admire,
 Their impious Feuds they mutually decline,
 And to their Country all their Souls resign.
 Black Treason shiver'd ; in Suspense it hung,
 Enchanted by the Magick of his Tongue.
 Fierce Parricides were fill'd with sacred Awe ;
 And Priests themselves the Charms of Freedom saw :
 So when *Amphion* in the *Aonian* Grove,
 Sung the fair Praises of the Pow'rs above ;
 Nor Man alone his Strains their Captive made,
 But all the Monsters of the Plain obey'd.

NOR

N O R yet, when hanging o'er the dreadful Brink
 Of Fate, the Virtues of the Patriot sink.
 His dying Care his Country still attends
 In generous Labours to preserve his Friends.
 Too great to truckle to the publick Foe,
 He calmly meditates the fatal Blow.
 What wondrous Thoughts in his last Moments roll
 To fix the Purpose of his parting Soul?
 At length resolv'd, his sword the Struggle ends;
 He falls ---- and oh! how gloriously offends!
 Uncommon Art the Poet here display'd,
 That thus a Scene of Horror lovely made,
 And gave each Passion such a beauteous dye,
 As draws forth Tears from e'ery virtuous Eye.

SEMPRONIUS, and the Traitor *Syphax* show,
 What Men abandon'd by the Gods can do;
 To what destructive Courses they betake,
 Who Virtue, and her glorious Path forsake:
 Not so young *Juba*, who directs his Youth
 By Rules of Innocence, and spotless Truth.

The

The nicest Sense of Maiden Honour taught,
 His Soul abhors the least ungenerous Thought.
 Tho' full of love, he dares its Joys disclaim,
 If purchas'd with the Loss of honest Fame,
 And ev'n reject the heav'nly *Marcia's* Charms,
 Perfideously betray'd into his Arms.
 An inward Rev'rence for the lovely Fair
 Breaths in his Vows, and sanctifies his Air.
 No loose Desires his warmest Wish imparts,
 But the pure Pleasures of united Hearts;
 Such Arts as these our Nature's Dregs refine,
 And human Passions thus commence divine.

NEVER, my Lord, in any former Age
 The Tragic Muse so grac'd the *British* Stage,
 Tho' mighty Chiefs have triumph'd there before;
 And *Shakespear's* Tempest has been heard to roar.
 All *Shakespear's* Beauties seem reviving here,
 But more correct, with greater Pomp appear.
 Tho' vast the Pile it bears its wondrous Weight
 With glorious Ease, and unaffected State:

An active Spirit moves the fair Machine;
 It self, unless in its Effects, unseen.
 These, and a Thousand nameless Graces more
 Command our Souls, and make Mankind adore.

BUT see! the wide the charming Field of Praise
 Disclosing brightly in his fam'd Effays.
 The sister Arts there all their Forces join
 To form our Manners, and our Tastes refine;
 To make Men Virtue love, and learn to know
 The Joys from uncorrupted Reason flow.
 No longer Vice presumes to ridicule,
 But wears it self the Habit of the Fool.
 Life in its pure and native Form we view,
 Despise false Pleasures, nor mistake the true.
 Within our selves our Happiness we find,
 The calm Reflections of a Virtuous Mind.

WHEN he describes what Toils, and anxious Cares
 Attend the Splendor, fond Ambition wears;
 What idle Dreams the busie World employ
 In fruitless Projects of Delusive Joy,
 Convinc'd,

Convinc'd, the Soul with longing Eyes surveys
 The happy Seats of Indolence and Ease :
 Or conscious of her high Extraction, tries
 To settle Commerce with her Kindred Skies,
 Revise the Paths that antient Sages trod,
 Contemplate Nature, and converse with G O D.
 So soft, so gentle, such a Life appears,
 Those who forsake, forsake its Charms with Tears,
 Look back, and languish for the peaceful Plain,
 And lone Retirements of the Virtuous Train;
 A modest Few, of meek and humble Mien,
 That live for those to whom they live unseen,
 And tracing Wisdom's Ways in solitude,
 Arrest her noblest secret, to be Good.

I F up to Heav'n he takes his homeward Flight
 Thro' yonder vast Expanse, the Realms of Light;
Newtonian Worlds in beauteous Order roll,
 An Host unnumber'd, round the radiant Pole.
 Nor flows the Stile adapted to the Theme,
 With Weight inferior, or unequal Flame,

But

But adding Colours to the Sage's Thought,
 Fills up the Figures in his naked Draught,
 And melts with glowing Paint the rugged Lines,
 Till all a perfect Plan of Beauty shines.

We read with Rapture how the Stars proclaim
 The glorious Author of this wondrous Frame,
 Who into Motion push'd the shining Throng,
 And tim'd their Measures to Immortal Song.
 For what are all those Ranks of Beings, We
 Above, below, in e'every Quarter see,
 The spacious Circle of Existence round,
 But different Strains, tho' not express'd in Sound,
 Of tuneful Nature's Universal Ode,
 Address'd to him, that set the Musick, G O D ?

W H E N Rules of publick Spirit he repeats,
 Each honest Bosom with the Passion beats.
 The selfish Soul from trivial Aims withdraws
 Its Cares, to labour in a nobler Cause.
 An ardent Zeal Oppression to restrain
 Boils in the Blood, and works in e'ery Vein.

His artful Touches deep Impressions leave,
 Awake the Dull, and animate the Brave.
 He bids us loath the poor unmanly Thought
 Of private Peace with publick safety bought,
 The gilded Baits of flattering Empire scorn,
 And learn to live for Ages yet unborn.
 Convinc'd with Pleasure, gladly we submit
 To Reason brighten'd with the Charms of Wit,
 Nor in such pow'rful Eloquence convey'd,
 Can stand its Impulse, or its Force evade.

HERE Heav'n, my Lord, cuts short the pleasing
 Tale,

To check our Pride, and his Defects reveal;
 The sole Defect he shar'd with Human kind,
 To be in Death with common Mortals join'd.
 A Loss *Britannia* mourns from Shore to Shore,
 Shall late alas! retrieve, and long deplore.
 Nor *Tame*, and *Ifis*, lovely Pair! engross
 A Sorrow unconfm'd as is the Loss.

Thy

Thy Rivers *Scotia*, lend their willing Streams
 To weep in Confort with their Rival *Thames*,
 From craggy Mountains new-born Poets spring,
 To pay their Homage where they learn'd to sing.
 Ev'n humbler Circles of *Hibernian* Swains
 Forget the Pleasures of the fertile Plains,
 Where now *Modonus*, once o'er-run with Mud,
Eblana's Tow'rs sees trembling in his Flood;
 Or rapid *Boyn* his ebbing Tide renews
 In WILLIAM's Fame, and *Halifax's* Muse;
 Or fair *Lagana* in the Grovy Arms
 Of rough *Vinderius* mourns her ravish'd Charms.

DID Heav'n, indulgent to my Pray'r, inspire,
 And touch'd my youthful Breast with hallow'd Fire.
 'Then should my Verse with all the Grandeur flow,
 And solemn Pomp of Elegiac Woe,
 In Strains that might not shock the nicest Ear,
 Nor *Addison* himself disgusted hear.
 'Till then, my Lord, I vent with little Art
 The bare Repentments of an honest Heart,

And

And in rude Numbers, and a careless Dress
 Not his high Merits, but my Thoughts express ;
 Content to grace my Labours with a Name
 Too bright for Censure, and secure of Fame ;
 Pleas'd should that Name for all the Faults atone
 My duteous, but unskilful Muse has done ;
 And proud to hope, this fond Attempt may please,
 If you approve, what he inspir'd, my Lays.

F I N I S.



And in rude numbers and a careless Ditt
Not his high Merit, but my Thoughts extol;
Content to trace my Labours with a Name
Too bright for Company, and scarce of Fame;
I should not leave for all the Poets store
My dross, but wishful More has done;
And proud to hope, this fond Aversion may please
If you approve, what he inspired my Love

F. I. N. E.

